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ON MALE COQUETRY.

THOUGH every body must allow the character of a coquette to be truly dispicable even among women, yet when we find it in the other sex, there is something in it so unmanly, that we feel a detestation equal to our contempt; and look upon the object to be as much an enemy as he is a disgrace to society. To prove my assertion, however, give me leave to relate a circumstance which lately happened in my own family; and which, if properly attended to, may be of real use to many.

I have been above five years married to a most deserving woman, who, as she studies every thing to promote my happiness, obliges me to shew a grateful sensibility for the establishment of hers; and even warms me with a continual wish of anticipating the most distant of her inclinations. About six months ago, I took her younger sister home, as I knew it would give her satisfaction; intending to supply the loss of a father lately deceased, and to omit no opportunity of advancing her fortune.

My attention could not have been placed on a more deserving object: Harriet possesses every beauty of person, and every virtue of mind, that can render her either beloved, or respected; and is, in one word, as accomplished a young woman as any in the country; and her fortune is by no means inconsiderable.

Among the number of people who visited at our house, the son of a very eminent citizen frequently obliged us with his company; a circumstance that pleased me not a little, as he was far from being a disagreeable man: his person was remarkably genteel, and his face possessed a more than ordinary degree of sensibility: He conversed with much ease, was perfectly acquainted with men and things; and, what rendered him a still greater favourite, he sung with great taste; and played with a considerable share of judgment on a variety of instruments.

This gentleman had not long commenced an intimacy in my family, before he shewed a very visible attachment for Harriet, hung upon every thing she said, and approved of every thing she did; but, at the same time, seemed rather more ambitious to deserve her esteem, than to solicit it. This I naturally attributed to his modesty; and it still more confirmed me in the opinion which I entertained of his affection. Had he treated her with the customary round of common-place gallantry, I should never have believed him serious; but when I saw him assume a continual appearance of the most settled veneration and esteem, when I saw him unremittingly studious to catch the smallest opportunity of obliging, I was satisfied there was no affectation in the case, and convinced that every look was the spontaneous effusion of his heart.

The amiable Harriet, unacquainted with art, suspected none; and being of a temper the most generous herself, naturally entertained a favourable opinion of every body else. Mr. S——, in particular, possessed the highest place in her regard: the winning softness of his manners, the uncommon delicacy of his sentiments, and his profound respect for her, to say nothing of his personal attractions, all united to make an impression in her bosom, and to inspire her with the tenderest emotions of what she thought a reciprocal love. She made her sister her confidant, upon this occasion, about a week ago; and Maria very properly told the matter immediately to me. Finding Harriet's repose was seriously concerned, I determined to give Mr. S—— a fair opportunity of declaring himself the next evening, that there might be no possibility of a mistake in the case, and that my poor girl might be certain she had a heart in exchange for her own. With this view I engaged him on a *tete a tete* party; and while he was lamenting that my wife and sister were not with us to participate in the amusement, I said gaily, "Tom, I have a strange notion, that Harriet has done your business; you are eternally talking of her when she's absent, and as eternally languishing at her when she's by. How is all this? Come, own I have been right in my guess, and treat me with the confidence of a friend."

This question quite disconcerted him: he blushed, stammered, and, with a good deal of pressing, at last drawled out, "that Miss Harriet, to be sure, was a most deserving young lady; and that, were he inclined to alter his condition, there was not a woman in the world he would be so proud of having for a wife. But, though he was extremely sensible of her merit, he had never considered her in any light but that of a friend, and was, to the last degree, concerned, if any little assiduities, the natural result of his esteem, had once been misinterpreted, and placed to a different account."

The whole affair was now out; the man's character was immediately before me; and though I could have sacrificed him on the spot, for the meanness and barbarity of his conduct, yet I bridled my resentment, and would not indulge him with a triumph over Harriet, by letting him see I considered his late declaration as a matter of any consequence: I therefore assumed a gaiety which was quite a stranger to my heart, and replied, "I am excessively glad, Tom, to hear you talk in this manner: I was afraid all had been over with you; and my friendship for you was the only reason of my enquiry; as I shrewdly suspect the young baggage has already made a disposal of her inclinations."

After passing a joyless evening, we parted, quite sick of one another's company; and pretty confidently determined to have no intercourse for the future.

I went to Maria, and told her how things had turned out, and desired her to break them with all the delicacy she was mistress of to her unfortunate sister. She did so; but the shock is likely to prove fatal. Harriet has ever since kept her bed, and, for the three last days, has been quite delirious: she raves continually of the villain who has murdered her peace of mind; and my ever engaging Maria sits rivetted to the bed-side, as continually drowned in tears. In spite of all my endeavours to keep the matter private, the tattling of nurses and servants has made it but too public, and denied us the happiness of being secretly miserable.

Would it not be proper for parents and guardians to require an instant explanation from any man who seems remarkably assiduous about a young lady, and yet

declines to make a positive declaration of his sentiments.

H.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Extract of a Letter from Venice, dated October 14, 1803.

"I send you an account of a very singular and extraordinary aerial voyage. Count Francis Zambeccari, of Bologna, Dr. Grassetti, of Rome, and M. Pasqual, of Ancona, had prepared a very large air-balloon, which on Friday, the 7th of October, they filled in the city of Bologna. The filling proceeded very slowly; it was not full till about midnight, and the above-mentioned Gentlemen proposed to defer their ascent till the next day; but the impatience and clamour of the people of Bologna obliged them to ascend about three quarters after midnight. They, however, resolved to come down again as soon as possible. The balloon being set at liberty, rose with prodigious velocity, and soon attained such a height, that Count Zambeccari and Doctor Grassetti, benumbed with cold, which at the first produced an inclination to vomit, sank into a kind of insensibility and a deep sleep.

"M. Pasqual, who alone was awake and in possession of his senses, could not ascertain the height to which they had ascended by the barometer, because the wax-light they had carried with them in a lantern was gone out. About half after two in the morning, the balloon began to descend, and M. Pasqual distinctly heard the dashing of the waves of the Adriatic Sea on the Coast of Romagna. He then awaked his companions, and endeavoured to procure a light by means of phosphoric matches, but did not succeed: he at length obtained one by using tinder in the common manner. Soon after the balloon, with the car that was fastened to it, fell into the Adriatic Sea, and with so much force, that the water dashed over them above the height of a man. The Aeronauts, drenched with sea-water, benumbed with cold, and in fear of immediate destruction, threw out a bag of sand, all their instruments, and every thing they had with them; after which, the balloon rose a second time with extreme rapidity. They passed through three ranges of clouds one above the other; their clothes were covered with a hoar frost; and, on account of the rarity of the air in which they were when they had ascended above the clouds, they could scarcely hear each other speak. The moon shone on the clouds below them, and appeared of a blood-red colour. Some time after three, the balloon again descended, though very slowly, and a brisk south-west wind drove it over the Adriatic Sea towards the coast of Istria. The car frequently touched the water, and for five hours the adventurers were in momentary danger of death. At length, on Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, they were taken up, and rescued from the perilous situation in which they were, by the *manzara* (a kind of large bark) of Antony Bazol, about ten Italian miles from the harbour of Veruda, in Istria. The balloon being given to the wind, flew over the mountain Ossero, and probably went into Dalmatia. The Aeronauts came in the same ship, with their hands and feet entirely benumbed with cold, to Pola, a port in Istria, where they remained four days to recover from their fatigues. To-day, about eight in the morning, they arrived in Venice, and gave the above account of their adventures. Their aerial voyage from the coast of Romagna to Istria, is a distance of 20 German miles (about 120 English). Had it not been for the brave seaman Antony Bazol, who very ably steered his ship to save them, they would, no doubt, have been buried in the waves. They were received here with the utmost hospitality, and do not appear to have any desire to make another aerial excursion at midnight."

From the European Magazine,
For JULY, 1803.

On the 4th ult. a ball of fire struck the White Bull public-house, kept by John Hubbard, at East Norton: the chimney was thrown down by it; the roof partly torn off; the windows shattered to atoms; and the dairy, pantry, &c. converted into a heap of rubbish. It appeared like a luminous ball of considerable magnitude; and, on coming in contact with the house, exploded with a great noise, and a very oppressive sulphureous smell. Some fragments of this ball were found near the spot, and have been subjected to a chemical analysis by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who has found them to consist of nearly one half siliceous clay, thirty-five parts of oxidated iron, twelve of magnesia, and a small portion of nickel, with some sulphur. The surface of these stones is of a dark colour, and varnished as if in a state of fusion, and bearing numerous globules of a whitish metal combining sulphur and nickel: from some indentures on the surface, it appears probable that the ball was soft when it descended, and it was obviously in a state of fusion, as the grass, &c. is burnt up where the fragments fell. Its motion while in the air was very rapid, and apparently parallel to the horizon.

PSYCHEA.

The other day, in passing through a village on the western road, and stopping at the turnpike at the further end, a meagre, half-cloathed, shrivelled hag, with a few sticks upon her head, demanded charity. I gave her a few halfpence; and she "bade God bless me!" but the benediction was bestowed in so harsh a tone, that it seemed little to partake of gentle gratitude. The loathsome being, and her little courtesy, led me to ask the grey-haired veteran at the gate to give me some account of her. He remembered her, he said, a giggling girl: he remembered her good father too; an honest man he was, and much beloved within the hamlet: but sorrow strewed his latter days with thorns; and brought him, pitied, and lamented, to an early grave. Then followed his account.

Psychea was the only daughter of a farmer there: a farmer of that mediocrity of station, where industry and independence are the commutial characteristics of his happy dwelling. Psychea was educated in frugal plenty and appropriate ease. Playful content gave full repletion to pubescence, and her ripening youth, that marked her formed for best regards of man. When entered in her sixteenth year, the urchin god could not have found through Nature's ample works a votary more perfect to his fullest joys. The hoidenish actions of the giddy girl still continued unrestrained by the good farmer's frown; for conscious probity had made him unsuspicious of misdeeds; that, when the flush of full desire flamed through her throbbing veins at the close squeeze of wishful sympathy, a rustic joke alone observed the feverish glow. At length one youth, more forward than his general mates, seized on a luckless moment, most adapted to his bold desires; broke honor's tie; and at the same time broke her virgin claim to Chastity's deserved esteem. That sensitive distinction once thrown down, Psychea slank from the converse of her former

mates; and fled soon after from her father's roof, to drown reflection in the giddy town; where vast successive revelry is oft importuned to provide its opiate to the temporary soothings of purturbed thoughts. There did Psychea, midst the votaries of vice, flit out her full career of dissolute excess; and there, in vast successive sinfulness, pass through the gradual climax of the courtezan. Grown old, and callous in continued vice, a lingering disease at length threw her, a loathsome object, on the parish charge, which, thus infected, passed her from place to place, till she became the stated being I before observed: shrivelled, diseased, disgusting; crawling out her wretched remnant of existence, and "picking dried sticks" close by that cottage where her younger years were passed in plenty and content. Alas! how fallen! The veriest village cur, that is fed on general offals, now flies from her loathsome form, aad bays the haggard as she totters past.

Ye fair, be cautious, guarded, chaste! ye then are objects next divinity: but, once unveil your virgin rights by Passion's lawless sway, think what Psychea was, such ye may be.

THE INSPECTOR.

CHARACTER OF A BACHELOR.

A Bachelor is a sort of whimsical being, which Nature never intended to create. He was formed out of the *odds* and *ends* of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the *finer* passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment. What remains for the bachelor, is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown. To avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients: so in dame Nature tosses *self-love*, without weight or measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained: and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus *formed*, thus *finished*, a bachelor is popped into the world mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

His only business is to keep himself *quiet*. He gets up, to lie down; he lies down, to get up. No tender passions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his dronish slumbers. If he ever speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favourite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellar abounds. On such objects he feels the raptures of a lover.

The pace of the bachelor is *sober*. He would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge. But shew him a woman entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper, or his laundress, he can speak to without reserve: but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror.

A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against *bright eyes*, and *dazzling complexions*. Here he lounges out half his days. At home, he solitarily sits down to his *unsocial* meal: and when his *palate* is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify.

Such is a Bachelor—such the *life* of a Bachelor—What becomes of him *after death*, I am not casuist enough to determine.

A.

CHARACTER OF A MARRIED MAN

The felicity of a married man never stands still. It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels. It depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most extatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an *universal* benevolence, mix in all his ideas. The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it without regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with rapture: joy flushes her cheek—Mutual are their transports.

Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of œconomy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social Mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no termination. When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

A.

It is a curious fact, that the actual *duration* of the revolutionary government of France, has existed so long only *as just to equal the duration* of the *revolutionary government* of England, which was *eleven years and four months* to a day, dating it from the death of Charles I. and Louis XVI. Both were remarkable for raising from obscurity, men of talents and hypocricy; who established themselves in the interest of the respective nations by an arduous display of the national power and the promotion of its political interests. It remains yet to be observed that the parallel does not hold good to the end—the variation in the imperial character assumed by the modern Cromwell, and the course of hereditary institution interrupt the likeness.

A Surprising Sympathy between a Cat and a Rat.

Some year ago, at Mr. James Greenfield's in Maryland, was observed a most surprising sympathy between a Cat and a Rat, which is thus accounted for; the cat had young ones, and frequently carried them mice and other animals its prey, and among the rest, a young rat; the kittens not being hungry played with it, and when the cat came to give suck to the kittens, the rat likewise sucked her. This was observed by some of the servants, and they informed their master of it; who had the kittens and rat brought down stairs and put together on the floor, and the cat was observed to carry away the young rat as tenderly as she did either of her young ones. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till numbers were eye-witnesses of this preternatural sympathy.

MARRIED,

On the 28th ult. Mr. JOHN J. PARRY, of this City, to Miss MARGARET PALMER, of Great Britain.

On the 29th ult Mr. JACOB STROMBACK, to Miss MARTHA M'ARTHUR, both of the Northern Liberties.

ON SICKNESS.

Behold pale sickness comes with languid eyes,
At whose appearance all delusion flies:
The world recedes, its vanities decay;
Books please no more, and painting fades away:
Gay robes no more the aching sight admires;
Wit grates the ears, and melting music tires:
These sliding joys in misty vapours end;
Yet let me still, still let me find a friend:
And when each joy, when each lov'd object flies
Be thou the last to close my dying eyes.

LAVINIA SOPHIA G.

ODE.

Fly, gentle steeds!...o'er yon unfriendly towers
Malignant stars, with baleful influence reign;
Cold Beauty's frown infects the cheerless hours,
And Avarice dwells in Love's polluted fane!

Dim distant towers! whose ample roof protects
All that my beating bosom holds so dear,
Far shining lake! whose silver wave reflects
Of Nature's fairest forms, the form most fair;

Groves, where at noon the sleeping Beauty lies;
Lawns, where at eve her graceful footsteps rove;
For ye full oft have heard my secret sighs,
And caught unseen, the tears of hopeless love;

Farewell! a long farewell!...your shades among
No more these eyes shall drink Eliza's charms:
No more these ears the music of her tongue!....
O! doom'd for ever to another's arms!

Fly, gentle steeds!....my bleeding heart convey
Where brighter scenes and milder planets shine;
Where Joy's white pinion glitters in the ray,
And Love sits smiling on his crystal shrine!

SONNET.

MOON LIGHT.

Now awful silence reigns o'er half mankind,
The Moon's pale glimse silvers the wanton wave,
And lucid plays by chance, as if design'd
To light yon dreary spot, the love-lorn grave;

Where Colin, youthful Colin long has laid,
Who sigh'd for sylvia of the neighb'ring vale;
That felt no fond return, hard-hearted maid,
Whose rosy-red is turn'd to ashy pale:

Ah! there she nightly weeps o'er his lone shrine,
Her heart-felt sighs are breath'd o'er Colin's tomb,
Cease, gentle mourner, those sad tears of thine,
No sorrows call from Death's eternal gloom.

Go, taste of Lethe's stream, whose potent power
Oblivion brings to each past painful hour.

ON THE SLAVE TRADE,

Addressed to the Senators of Great Britain, by Dr. Darwin.

E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores,
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars:
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound.
And sable nations tremble at the sound.

Ye bands of Senators, whose suffrage sways,
Britania's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injur'd and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throng'd in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms
Bears his mask'd brow, his lifted hands disarms.
But wrapp'd in night, with terrors all his own.
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him ye Senates! hear this truth sublime,
He who allows oppression, shares the crime.

No radient pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem that sparkling hangs from beauty's ears.
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Not rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For others woe, down virtue's manly cheeks.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

Written during the late destructive Wars in Europe, &c.

While round the world destruction drives his car,
And vengeful nations rush to cruel war,
Wide spreading o'er the earth where e'er they go
A dreadful scene of complicated woe;
There are whom peace and harmony do hold,
In lasting bonds, within the sacred fold
Of the great Shepherd who doth lead his own
By the still waters, where they all lie down
In verdant pastures and the tranquil shade,
Of that great Rock appointed for their aid,
Which hides them from the fury of the wind,
And various tempests in the carnal mind,
Where jaring passions reign without controul,
And quench the genuine ardours of the soul.
O may this equal, all uniting plan,
So free and *perfectly republican*,
Prevail thro' out the earth in ev'ry clime,
'Till the whole race of man together join
In one extended lasting brotherhood,
All emulous to do each other good!
As sung the holy Seers in ancient days,
Divinely rapt, in sweet prophetic lays,
And as the Heav'nly choir proclaim'd on earth,
At the great æra of Messiah's birth;
Glory to God on high, to all mankind
Peace and goodwill is graciously design'd,
When to the banner of the Prince of Peace
All men shall flee, and wars forever cease;
Then shall be known the value of those few
Who now on Sion stand in honor true,
To the dear cause of Him who dwells on high,
And views their labours with approving eye,
And will reward them with eternal joy
Which nought in earth or hell can e'er destroy.

HESYCHASTES.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

Can mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days?
Or fate restore a form so dear,
As that which lies unconscious here?
Ah, no, my Darco, latest given,
And last reclaimed gift of Heaven;
Possessing thee, I yet could bless
One lingering beam of happiness.
My lov'd, my lost, my only care,
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind.
Nor, warn'd of all my future woe,
Presum'd on happiness below;
But, losing thee, my blooming boy,
I cannot lose another joy;
For all that stay'd my earthly trust,
With thee is buried in the dust.
Nine little years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul, and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear,
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear;
But frank and warm my Darco flew,
To share each welcome and adieu,
Each word, and walk, and look to tend,
My child, my scholar, and my friend.
Oh, when his gaily smiling talk
Endear'd my sweet and summer walk,
Or when I sat, at day's decline,
And clasp'd his little hand in mine,
How many woes were then forgot,
How blissfull seem'd his father's lot!
And breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus on a dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, darling, stand,
And grasp thee with my falling hand.
Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
Like her who gave thee to my arms.
My buried hopes, your grave is one,
And Mary sleeps beside her son.
Now hush, my heart; afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done—thy solace given;
For mortal arm can never raise
The broken pillar of my days:
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that lov'd dust that slumbers here.

W. B.